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EXISTENTIAL CONVERSATIONS

Life is Just a Time pass

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Anger Is A God Given Gift

To become angry is an endowed skill
Not everybody gets angry
To become angry is a God given gift!

But the only problem with this skill is
your face becomes red and ugly
people watching you will get distributed
And maythemselves go away from you.

Not everybody can become angry
To become angry is a God given gift.

Having become angry
I have not seen any face
which is keeping itself cool
with an honest laugh on its lips.

Very rarely we find
such a magical face.

Anger is a passionate creature
like a python.
It stretches itself around your
body and neck.

When you become angry
From outside you look like
Lord Siva with wide open third eye.
Keep up the skill
and kill yourself happily.

At the Far End of My Life

At the far end of my life
I feel so disturbed
That I would like to jump into deep sea
And get drowned.
Negative physical anatomical output
Negative bank balance
And depleting self satisfaction

As I get nearer to death
I feel sometimes so delighted
That I feel floating in air
Dreaming about the new worlds
That I am going to visit soon.

As I get ready for a sudden heart attack
I feel so compressed and pushed around
Over a bunch of rusted nails craving for my blood
I feel severe sweating on my forehead.

"I know", you say
May be I need to do some yoga
Sit for long time in meditation.
You also may say, "be cool"
And that this world is like this even
Centuries earlier.

Ardent, serious and thoughtful reading of
lines of Eliot's death poetry could not
give me the courage to face
The ultimate and inevitable monstrous death

My breath is becoming too short
Nerves are becoming numb
May be I am nearing that dreaded event
May be I was already dead, how do I know.

(06 Sep 2013)

Between Birth and Death

Between birth and death
my life has become
a moving flag post
with quite confusing objectives
and baffling realities
as against ideals and morals
enunciated elobarately
in scriptures and laws!

I had taken birth into a family
with pristige of not my choice
neither the country I was born
is chosen by me

my death also I know very well
is not the way I choose to die.

I had a dream to burn and shine at
highest temperature like the mighty Sun
and give the light of enlightenment
to Tom Dick and Harry.

I had a great dream to cool myself
in the great Icy mountains

and beam like the moon in the
heavens and spread happiness
all around the world.

I have realised by now
at this old age
that life is a great 'Time Pass'
between my birth and death
with so many biological constraints
and emotional entaglements.
Every desire I had burnt me with
a great passion of vengence.

My so called self chosen path
has landed me in deep troubles
which tie me down to deep
deppression which I am
unableto swim out for relief!

Dad Is Only A Baggage!

Dad is only a baggage
Whom sons carry in their shoes
Waiting to be abandoned any where on the road
And, if not, in the deep red sea.

Dad is only a baggage sons inadvertently carry
"My dad is a great dad! "- no son dares to say
Forget about gender equality here at this moment.

Dad stands in the last to be greeted or graced
Because he is only a dollar bringing machine
Neither state nor law recognizes his status
Except as a guardian, a facilitator,
An innocent and gullible investor,
Financing their living, food and education
Or, at the most, an assistant to mom in her "pay-renting".

Dad is only a baggage and stands in the last
To be greeted or graced because he is an old man
With old experiences and old ideas,
With an old hat and older eyebrows!
Better if he does not open his mouth
And share his views for heaven's sake!

"Daddy do not dare to preach!" Madonna cautioned long back!

“Ah! Man” – Dad is at the most a helper in their growth
In skill development, playing chess sometimes
At the most, a free guide in teaching
the “poli-tricks” of the world!
Ethics and benefits of “not lying” at any point in life.

“Dad! I love you”-very rarely sons say
Because “love” they find only in their girl friends,
Love they find in bars and bar girls.
“Yes, ofcourse, I love my dad! ” some sons may retort back
Dads are the best duds in the world of market economy!

They give every thing and get a pittance in return
They share all crisis and tide over difficult oceans –
They share all their concerns and trivial nightmares
But no son is ready to accept until his son kicks him
in left right and centre.

Blooming over all our heads! !

Enjoy! My dear!
In deepsleepEnjoy !

The Silent Death

No body wants to know about any body else
No one wants to learn from others experience
No learning habi ts developed

No patience to learn or work
A great society with laziness as the only skill
Is developing on the side roads

Incidentally every one is prepared for the
hardest way of learning
Only when some thing bursts
The usual routine maintenance done
Only when the bomb explodes around his own house
The ugly face of terrorism noticed

No listening to
Nor reading of daily news in general
No getting up from bed till
The afternoon strikes hurting in the face

The only thirst bothering very much is
For more and more beer or wine
The only anxiety striking in the stomach is
For grabbing the hands of a girl
and robbing her modesty

An apparently busy society with
Neither discipline nor decorum
awfully smelling with ego, jealousy and selfishness
Collection collection and collection
Of awful lot of money

All around, Sensitivities
And sensibilities and human emotions
Are drying up like ground water.

No one cares any one
Beware, It is a post-modern highly
Developed commercial jungle

Enjoy the silently gushing
Silky and smooth death! !

Enjoy Your Tranquillity All The Time

Enjoy your tranquility all the time;
Do not ever miss it!

Nothing is lost
even if you do not become a millionaire,
Nothing is lost
even if you do not become a top executive
Of a corporate company.

Nothing is lost even if you do not own a palace
For dwelling for sleeping over night.

Enjoy your tranquility all the time,
Do not ever miss it!

Tranquility is within yourinner consciousness.
Tranquility is with in your soul
as a power source of intelligence.

Tranquility is the supreme Godhead
swimming and floatingthrough your fleeting mind.

Enjoy your tranquility all the time!
Do not ever miss it!

Hell In Heaven

Life some times really sucks, but soon it blooms again.
You are a piece of dead wood which you will not agree
Until you approach your grave, one day or the other.

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Nature in fact is a beautiful woman
With windy hair and honey smelling air she seduces you
When ever you are in a mood to visit her.
Other times she is a nuisance and drag like your nagging wife.

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Man is a bunch of moods.
His nature iscomplex and his actions are weird.
Woman is like a full moon but stays that way
For a few hours or days only.

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God is a Super Cop.
He glances and supervises the world and Cosmos in particular.
His actions are constrained by his own making of natural laws
Of gravity, electromagnetism and karma.

Cosmos is his own creation where he has imprisoned himself
And made his dwelling in every atom it contains.
Do not ask me if he is happy that way.

When ever I think of God and Cosmos, I get frightened.
It is really for me a hell in the so called heaven and nothing else.

Into The Originic Orion

What is Hunger,
Sated by a few numeral returns,
Lo, what of this fiery hunger,
Shooting up from the abysmal depths of me,
a cyclonegathering over the seas.

To atone it,
How many deep dreams I unveiled,
How many islands of fire I installed,
While melting like a star
Gazing into the eyes of the moon,
While resolving the knotty riddles of thought,
Amidst the gentle waves of a cool breeze,
While relaxing from weariness of wants,
Reclining on the glaciers,
Again, and time and again,
It keeps appearing.

How many sunrises, how many new moons,
I witnessed
Lying on iris on the beach.
How many notes of music I cultivated,
How much of radiance I have absorbed,
What blazes I fanned

Around me,
Affixing my signatures
On the brink of a moment
In between my breaths,
How many bouncing dawns
Breaking over the oceans,
I merged in my deeper depths.

That is the power
Generating heat even on the icy mount,
That is the blazing lava,
Emitted by erupting volcano.

That is the magical epic
Every letter lucent with halo of poetry,
That is the endless cascade,
Secretly gushing into my heart
through the nerves deep within me.
The blood of how many bodies
Should be offered up in sacrifice,
Biographies of how many birth places
Should be penned.

How should I cremate this fire of hunger,
Into how many channels of birth,
On every flower plant in the green,

We don’t hear anyinviting voice,
from any body.

No picture seems to flow into us.

In this affectionless realm,
All should keep rolling
Between the boulders,
In spite of bleeding wounds all over the body,
No feeling sinks into us.
We see only rocks all around.

Man Or Woman, I Am A Unique Human Being!

I am different and unique
Dont suggest me any thing
I know every thing
I have smart phone with google search and GPS

Ego is my weapon to win over others.

My intellectual levels are unsurpassing
I am amiracle to myself
High ego is spread all over my body
like super smelling perfume.

I am different
Dont suggest me stupid ethics and moral
I have a right royal way on the road
in a leftist liberalised democratic
Globalised world I am unique!
You donot know what heights I can reach.

Dont be stupid to teach me morals and values
They donot weigh a penny in todays world!

I am different, I am creative
I create my own world

I choose my own lovers and friends!
I have all the freedom in the world
To reach supreme heights!

You donot know the quality of my knowledge
You donot know the value of my chain of friendships
Money, women and Wine are my hot persuits!

I am different, I Wag my tail in public
I show myself as the super performer
in the powe of idiosyncracy!
My ways are unique, My power supreme
My words are pungent My style magical!

I am different, donot teach me
your stupid morals and ethical values.
My ego is all spread over my body
Like enchanting perfume
much beyond your imagination

Yes. Man or woman, I am a unique human being!

Rocks All Around

We are all sitting face to face,
But cannot look into any face clearly.

All are like reflections on a still water sheet,
Forms and shapes moving on a mirror,
Broken coconut kernels,
Incomplete drawings on your cerebral canvas,
Pieces of crescent broken into halves,
You never know to which side and into where they slide.

We keep on seeing,
But no picture remains still,
Or breaks into different dreams,
No feeling comes to a stone.
We see only stones left all around.

When no looks confront with yours,
When no part on the scene
Over whelms your lachrymal seas with storms.

When no picture in sight glows in the glitter of your looks,
We find only stones all around.

All characters keep moving
Briskly on the stage,
Their show of funny poses
Exhibit no emotion,
They carry out their dry act of wishing you,
They see that their address
Does not leave any impression on you.

They spray their smiles like ash on all of us.
Without exercising the body,
Without crumpling the silken dhoti,
Without a stain on the dazzling saree,

All their facial forms reflect, crazy Rangoli.
They flight their stuffed doves
of gray looks in to air.

We see only rocks all around.

No real feeling settles here.

In their orchestrated sounds
You hear no music of affection.
All their souls appear to be strolling
in the realm of untruth.

Faces pale all around,
Their vain efforts to smile,
intimidate you.

We hear silent hissing of
embittered serpents.
Shall I swim with these secret eyes,
towards my originic Orion.

When should I review myself?
Sculpt and simplify myself into a quark.

After witnessing so many forms of hunger,
After being blissfully destroyed in the flames of desire,
After consecrating the hungry heart of secret fiery eyes,
In the mound of my soul
Does it not do -
If I become a grain of sand and
Exit this grand creation?

Does it not do-
When my semen is broadcast,
into the nerves of the earthly desire.
Does itnot fructify my life!

Seven Minutes To Hell

“Seven minutes to go! ” alerted my great friend

Suddenly I became jittery – Is all over for me on this planet.
My God! - not much time spent happily!

True – I wasted a lot of my time trying to figure out
What is right and what is wrong and what is good and
What is bad as I was always worried of jail and punishments.
Time slipped like water through my fingers
And I was always worried about getting dro wned in a deep red sea.

My pride was always put down by my daunting father
And was long later restored by my soothing mother

And I do not claim to have had great achievements
But unhesitatingly and unabashedly I can say
That I had a great appetite for food and sex, if it is well arranged
And had great and peaceful sleep all the times and phases of my life.

Time used to whip me up and make me run
for coping up with competition
and to be safe from the bull fighters
like the clumsy and the rich.

A madrush for appreciation and promotions
for keeping my collar up
And a little cash uplift which used to disappear soon.

I do not know why- but I never used to regret
for any presumed loss in my life
Because I came to understand that my pain is for someone else's gain
And vice versa and today's gain
used to appear like a colossal loss tomorrow.

Like every one else, I descended on this planet quite naked
Not knowing to communicate or talk
except through weeping and crying
Making my mother and father waking up all through the nights
and,
For quite a long time, draining their energies
demanding utmost attention.

True, I came into this world naked-not a penny on my head
Not a piece of cloth around my waist,
Not even a spoon of German silver in my mouth.

I came silently into this world, as my mom says
I have not cried at that moment of my birth

May be, being breathless due to immense unknown sorrow or speechless due to unbound and unknown happiness.

To make sure if I were living
I was turned up side down and was slapped on my buttocks

Believe me– I expected a lot from this world.

As I grew up, to my great surprise all around
People are running for picking and plucking gold coins
Raining from the sky.
Many believe in gold and dollars
asagainst belief in me or you or humans.

My son repeatedly used to ask me:
“what great things you did in your life”.
As usual I used to mumble not knowing what to answer
As my pride was long back lost in some woods
which I can not trace no longer in my l ife.

“Two more minutes” my friend cautioned
“Pack off and let us go” he rushed towards me.

I suddenly came out of my melancholic slumber
And with my bare body and on my bare foot
Dumped myself naked into the ghee drenched fire

And burnt myself into a smooth dust

And flew myself into air and disappeared into the atmosphere.

With my friend Yama on my side I had a great flight to hell!

She Will Never Toe Your Line

Man! She says she loves you
But she will never toe your line!

She would not even allow you
To take her hand into your hands
For either physical or emotional support
However, she says that she loves you.

Marriage has lost its meaning;
'I eat my food you eat yours;
I see my movie you see yours;
I sleep in my bed you sleep in your bed'
But she uses your credit card and
Your blue car whenever she needs.
And her car is always busy unless
It is left for repair.

'It's me' that is the foremost
On her daily agenda, morning till night.

You give way for me but be waiting
For your turn on the road or at home
For her favors or sweet talk if her mood permits.

'Roguery of the first kind', you mumble inside
You never dare to speak it out, if you want to survive.
One mistake, you will be doomed for your life!
What a pitiable state of love, my dear friend!

Her beauty is only peripheral
And airy and ethereal and fades away soon
Can you ever realize how ugly it is inside!
The fire you see in her eyes may prove to be pure lava
That soon smashes and burns you without a smoke.

Man! she will never toe your line
You will be running after her for life
To catch her hand on the way but
She says she loves you from the bottom of her heart
Only to entice you and use you for her enjoyment.
You will never know what that love really means.

Where Is Freedom My Dear

Where is freedom my dear!
where is freedom in the world?

Can you be free from emotions and joy,
Can you be free from guilt and Jealousy,
Can you be from your pig headed ego and your false pride,
Where is freedom my dear where is freedom in your own world?

Where is freedom my dear where is freedom?

Can you be free from your body,
Can you be free from your mind,
Can you be free from your baffling thoughts,
Can you be free from your disturbing desires,
Can you be free from bad dreams,
My dear where is freedom in your world
Where is freedom

Can you be free from your bad habits of drinking and smoking,
Can you be free from your tendency of always criticizing others,
Can you be free from your dishonesty and double standards,
Can you be free from lying and abstain from cheating others
on several fronts.

Where is freedom my dear where is freedom in your own world
Rightists, leftists and centrists have landed us all no where

Can you be free from your cast and religion,
Can you be free from your color, race and region,
Can you be free from your own soul until your death?

Bias is a sub-conscious thing, it breeds from within.

It is like your jealousy distributed in
every atom of your body and mind,
Where is freedom in your own world?
Where is freedom my dear!

'Rights activism' is a pure political and slogan activity,
It gets life and death from its own politics within.

Real freedom is a myth my dear!
Real freedom is a myth.

Your Beauty

Strands of yet wet hair frame your beauty magnified.
Your nose stud winks a flash in the mirror at me.
The tender youthful bloom rushes out from the coconut grove
Only to fuse with your body.

When your eyes blossom in the mirror,
A gentle springrain begins in my heart.
A sweet melody begins to scatter harmonies around in me,
Just like water sprayed from a shower head.

You spread out your hair to dry, and
My tender desire swings by its strands.
You sit in front of the mirror, diffusing fragrance,
You catch my eye in the reflection with a naughty twinkle
It's like I took a dive from a high peak
Into the cool of the milky ocean.

Your laughter the mirror reflected,
Ringing a thousand tinkling bells in me,
Plucking the strings of a million lutes.
Suddenly, you coalesce into my eyes,
And the mirror dissolves into you.
In the face of your glistening cheeks, the mirror accepts defeat.

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Life is Just a Time Pass!

After so many years of strife filled
and realhard and difficult life
all of a sudden the reality dawned
on my mind-
That Life is just a Time Pass.
How well and intelligent ways you can do
That is what ultimately makes
your soul happy that is the secret
I unearthed.

Society tries to put you into a grove,
Pushes you towards so many goals
Education, Training, higher degrees,
Marriage and getting children,
see them married and others.
Too many ways to choose

Leave aside this path and look
at the wold around!

There are people doing many
other jobs and pursuing different goals.
Some are becoming saints and evangelists,

Some are drinking and making merry all the time.
Umpteen ways of passing time
and making and spending money
on the way!

At birth I was a nude have no clothes
No property,no property worth the name.
Same is the case when my life
comes to an end.
Every thing on my body will be removed,
All my property given away to others,
Even my body is not with me at the end,
It gets into ashes and withers away!

That is the magic in life,
The sum total remains zero in the end.

Life is therefore like
driving on a winding road to nowhere!

Many a time when ever we visit
a place like historical Valley or a museum,
walking up and down the steps and floors,
around hanging and stuffed rocky serpents
we fell like we are ancient pythons
crawling and giggling on the floor.

Fleeting the boring world
being seen again and again
always bothered about earning and eating,
bullying others and enjoying
the fruits of jealousy and revenge!

I realized for myself that all my life
at different levels of misundestanding
I went in hunting for the dreamy queens
and wet lands of hunger and lust
and drenched myself in pure fire
with ghee and honey temporarily
and later literally killed my soul
in utter shame and and self disgust
They did not give my soul
even a pinch of joy or happiness.

Variety of activities I used to do
having no time for reflection!

Running from pillar to another pillar
Not knowing what I am gaining
as asset for my soul.

Yes. I now strongly believe

Life is just a way of Time Pass!
We have to ultimately bury the time behind
and reach our end, that is it.
And nothing else.
To make the sum total a big zero!

The author Chellapilla Kameswara Rao is Ph.D. in Mechanical Engineering and worked in BHEL R&D and in various Engineering colleges as a professor, principal and Dean R&D. He wrote five poetry books, with a pen-name Sumanasri, He wrotes such as Rakta Netrodayam, Reppala Madhya Aakasam, Geetham Puneethamauthundi, critic writing critical essays on his senior and contemporary poets and were published in literary columns of well circulated news papers evoking lot of interest and response.

His literary essays were collected and published in three volumes named as Kavitwam Oka Atmaghosha, Ajantha Lipi and Vimarsa Oka Anveshana. After 2000 he started writing poetry directly in English and many of these poems are published in poemhunter.com. His book Netram Naa Sanketham is translated by Late Sri Vadali Mandeswara Rao as Eye My Symbol. His poems written directly in English are collected in the poetry collection named Existential Aerial Conversations.

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